

# LIPS OF MUSIC





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# LIPS OF MUSIC



# LIPS OF MUSIC

By CHARLOTTE PORTER



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A few of these Poems appeared under the pen-name, "Robert Iphys Everett."

Five of the "Green Bird" lyrics have been set to music by Helen A. Clarke; "Bertrand's Song" has been set to music by Margaret Ruthven Lang; "The Tragic Rapture" has been set to music by Mabel Hill.



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I  
ARTEMIS

*STAND FACE TO FACE • FRIEND • AND  
UNVEIL THE GRACE IN THINE EYES*

—SAPHO

CELEBRATE Artemis, for she is not light to minstrels to forget, Virgin Artemis, whom all the gods alike invite, but who is throned beside Apollo. . . . To her the bow and the wide choir and disporting on the mountains are a care, the mountains tressed with woods, toward Ocean ('T will be rare indeed when Artemis shall go down into a city), Pheræan goddess, watcher over harbors, companion of noble maidens, bringer of light!

*Adapted from Callimachus.*



ARTEMIS.



## TO THE RED DOORS

*The Lips of Whoso gives Words Life.*

**O**UT of the red doors in high triumph  
thronging,—

*Bearing and sway, to new Cæsars belonging—*

*Out of the red doors resistlessly marching,*

*As Cæsars of Rome from carven stone arching,*

*Out of the red doors with vigor unswerving,*

*Moulding the Soul to delight and deserving,*

*Throbbing, thrilled through from the mouth's  
human curving, —*

*Eagles of empery, strong pinioned birds,*

*True winged to their aim, come swift words,  
live words!*





## THE GREEN BIRD

*To H. A. C.*

### THE CALL

**I**N town in May I heard the Spring's  
Soft foot fall:  
Then hushing from the heart of things,  
With flutter of returning wings,  
And her green gown's faint rustleings,  
I caught the strain her glad face brings —  
The Song of songs the great Deep sings —  
The root call.  
Oh, follow, when you hear the Spring's  
Soft foot fall,  
The Song of songs the great Deep sings —  
The root call!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE NEST

**T**HE round warm Isle is like a nest, —  
A green bird's nest in nesting weather,  
Each fledgeling tree perks up his crest,  
And soft green down grows soft green  
feather.

### NEST SONG

**T**HE green bird feeds her fledgelings well;  
Each day they fling their green plumes  
wider;  
The green bird croons a fairy spell, —  
Her wide-winged nestlings sing beside her!

## THE GREEN BIRD

### THE OVER-SONG

AS fine leaves lilt a lighter over-lay  
Above the tone whereto the big boughs sway,  
So bird-and-bee-tunes brightly pipe and whirl  
Across the Sea's profounder rhythmic stir.

### THE UNDER-SONG

DEEP in the pulsing of the vast Sea's push  
The whole World round and here,  
In swell and whisper of the great Wind's rush  
Far off and then quite near,  
I hear the voice of Being, whence all tended,  
Beating the borders of the Spheres along,  
Then in my heart so strong, —  
“'Tis mine,” I cry, “or with my Spirit  
blended:  
We are Life's under-song!”

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### MUSIC'S SHELL

**T**HE caverned Isle is Music's ancient Shell,  
Attuned of yore to sing and sob,  
Resound the tone of every thrill and throb  
Of Ocean's flowing fingers;  
The passion of her heaving bosom's swell,  
Her thunder-throe and tempest-start,  
Soothed and accorded in the Isle's deep heart,  
All harmony there lingers.

### THE VOICE

**O** DEARER than dear face we love,  
Or deep dear eyes of lover,  
O dearer than the Isle we love,  
Or bending sky above her  
Is Voice of Isle; and Voice of Love,  
For there our hearts discover  
All graces our fond eyes do love  
And Music's grace moreover!

## THE GREEN BIRD

### THE EVERLASTING

YOU feel the Earth a planet here,  
She swings in airy space;  
You hear her sing — a sister sphere  
With all her sky-born race!

The Everlasting draws quite near,  
Its World-breath flows and sighs;  
And yet you meet It with no fear:—  
Joy lives in Its wide eyes.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE GLIMPSE

O ALL the sky is beautiful,  
But in one cloud-rent space  
'T is blue of blue, — ethereal, —  
The Soul from Heaven's face!

### BLESSEDNESS

O BLESSEDNESS of feeling one  
With life of Sea and Wild, —  
To lay me down when day is done  
The Island's lovèd child!

### THE CUP

O JOY is like a magic cup,  
I lift it to the sky,  
And still the more I offer up  
The fuller joy have I!

## THE GREEN BIRD

### THE "TWIN-FLOWER" GARDEN

**I** LABORED, delving, sowing,  
To plant a garden wee  
Of seedsman's flowers for showing:  
The wild-flowers laughed at me.  
I caught the witches growing  
Around a shattered tree —  
A thousand twin-flowers meeting  
In fairy folk-mote there;  
They nodded me a greeting, —  
And fragrance filled the air:  
"We came without your weeting,  
We thrived without your care."

### THE WILDWOOD

**T**HIS garden was not sown nor planted,  
This garden no hands made,  
And yet no means were for it scanted  
Since Earth's first soil was laid.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### SUN-FORCE AND MOON-CHARM

**T**HY vital force, O golden Sun,  
    Instill and bathe me!  
Thy charm, O Moon, thou Magic One,  
    O'erthrill and swathe me!  
Let instant thought and impulse swift  
    Empower, move me,  
Alluring grace, serene uplift  
    Endower, prove me!



## THE GREEN BIRD

### FLOWING

**F**LOWING! Flowing! Flowing ever!

Charm and Beauty, Sea, like thine, is there  
never!

Flowing! Flowing! Flowing ever!

Hush! her white lips said, "Thy life, mortal  
blinded, —

Flowing! Flowing! Flowing ever! —

Charm and Beauty like mine hath, wert so  
minded."

Flowing! Flowing! Flowing ever!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE "ROTE"

**T**HE quick impressionable Sea takes note  
Long ere the storm winds rise  
And moans along the shore the wailing rote  
No tempest may surprise.

Like thee, O trembling Heart, she surely  
knows  
When Fate's fleet stroke must fall,  
And thrills with prescience of the muttering  
throes  
The strong soul shall forestall.

## THE GREEN BIRD

### THE MOON-STAR

**O** THE Moon is entangled and caught in  
a cloud,  
And the frowning cloud jeers: "There you  
are!"  
But the Moon makes a glory of rose of her  
shroud,  
And peers out a new way, — like a Star!

### THE GOD'S HAND

**I** SAW the hand of great Poseidon grasp  
The iron coast, — a wave-washed, weed-  
swirled rock  
Shaped like a hand:  
Now, ever in the full tide's grip and shock  
I feel the god's compulsive clutch and clasp  
Moulding the land.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE SEA-GULL

O WHITE WINGS — O White Wings!

Far over waves and tossing seas,  
High above hills and swaying trees  
The Sea-gull flings

Her wide white wings: —

O bright and light —

A foam-fleck's sprite —

A curled cloud's flight!

The wind's true arrow,

As straight and narrow!

The spring tide's pull,

As firm and full!

Only desire within me flows

As firm and free, as lightly goes,

O White Wings! O White Wings!

## THE GREEN BIRD

### THE SLOOP

O GIVE the slim-keeled moon  
The gull's wide wing!  
So let the boat be hewn!  
So let her white sail spring!  
So shall the waves be drawn  
To close her round and fawn,  
All mad for her,  
The while her spread wings spur  
The comrade wind along,  
Yet she — the Water's lure —  
Lean over them secure,  
And moon-like, mild and sure,  
Her course keep calm and strong.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE ROCK POOL

**B**ENEATH the siren sea who dares to peer  
And know the magic of her very face?  
But in the rock pool for her lovers dear  
She leaves her likeness in a locket's space.

Within that limpid lens her lovers read  
By iridescent, shifting, gleaming traces  
Of tiny tentacle and wavy weed,  
The sorceries of her Medusa graces.

### THE STAR-SOWN NIGHT

**T**HE stars from Heav'n seem falling  
tow'rd the Isle,  
Thick-sown and poised mid-air —  
World-seeds the Sower's hand impels, the  
while  
They quick in flower flare!

## THE GREEN BIRD

### THE VEILED AURORA

**E**ARTH-WRAITHS bewitch and blur the  
Sky's pure face,

Yet cannot mask her soul;

The spreading haze but dims the Moon's  
clear grace,

Her beams transfuse the whole.

Then streaming up the pinnacles of Space,  
Auroral light-waves roll,

High Heaven's bended head they overlace  
With shimmering aureole.

Above the reek, like Earth's good Angel there  
Abode the spectral white;

The lower air but hid the vigil fair  
That blessed the sudden sight.

Pierce, pierce! thou vision of the upper air,  
Alive in spirit-light,

Hold me, unbaffled in thy presence rare  
By phantoms of Earth's night!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE ISLAND AT THE CLIFFS

ELSEWHERE as here she hath beauty and  
charm,

Elsewhere hath gramarye sylvan,  
Elsewhere her Heart she uplifts pure and  
warm;

Here she exalteth her Spirit.

Elsewhere as here her grave lover the Sea  
Greets her with music and magic;  
Here, they meet holily, bowing the knee,  
Feeling the Infinite, — near It!



## THE GREEN BIRD

### "BURNING-OFF" OF THE FOG

I SAW the wayward, moody Island breathe  
Out filmy breath, like hopeless gray clouds  
drifting,

I saw the hopeless clouds flare forth and  
wreathe

Out sudden airy-shapen trumpets, lifting  
Their windy lips to blow against the sun,  
And far to sea, a rosy music won

From melancholy mastered: for my ear  
Too fine the lauds my list'ning soul can hear,  
But my rejoicing eyes their might behold —  
The numbing, muffling, mourning mist up-  
rolled,

Vanquished is all faint-heartedness and dolor  
By clear exultant clang of conquering color!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### WHEN THE GODDESSES MET

**M**Y Angel surely called me from the deep  
Of disembodied sleep,  
And so the Soul within mine eyes arose  
From her pure, still repose,  
And faced as one forevermore new born  
The marvel of that Morn: —  
Between Night's hushing, violettèd dream  
And Dawn's first clarion beam,  
Enwoven round in rosy, streaming wings,  
Apollo, waiting, flings,  
Dissolving Hecate's mystic glancing horn  
With Aphrodite borne,  
Burning in joy together, onward sweep  
In splendor up the steep.

## THE GREEN BIRD

### THE BURTHEN

**K**EEP me in tune with all the powers that  
work,

And sing the World's good will!

Let beat of flood and ebb, sunshine or murk

My day's deeds spur and thrill, —

Grave joys, that in the World-song's burthen  
lurk,

My steadfast Soul's song fill!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### MOON TOIL

O a thousand clouding troubles  
Shall you, like the Moon, pace through:  
When the old throng is surmounted,  
Like her, shall you front the new  
Circling thicker to impede you.  
So she, steadfast, steering true,  
Kept undaunted on her circuit,  
Climbing Heaven, cloaked from view,  
Trackless in great wastes of splendor,  
While Night's imps about her drew, —  
Flitting wraiths, grotesque chimæras,  
Malice-multiplied that grew: —  
Drifting, dreary, Earth-mist monsters —  
Needed they her Heav'n to strew, —  
Scudding over luring pureness,  
Smirching what must them subdue?  
Yes; to purge Air, Earth enhallow  
When she triumphs in the blue!

## THE GREEN BIRD

### THE HARVEST OF REST

**T**HE fog, the gray sun overswept  
And shut in daylight ever thicker,  
The night, the fog then overcrept,  
Nor let one starry eyelid flicker.

The silence even fell asleep  
In Night's withdrawnmost dreamy dwell-  
ing,  
So Rest might Being's forces steep,  
And quicken to supreamer telling

The joys of Life, that but to reap  
The vasts of Quiet lay there darkling;  
Till strong with slumber from the Deep  
Dawn rose on dazzled wide seas sparkling:

## LIPS OF MUSIC

The shining Forest flashed awake,  
His goodly green boughs gladly swinging;  
Life's Joy in all things moved and spake,  
And sprang within me — seeing, singing!

O Rest and Quiet golden harvests make! —  
Rich gifts on souls reserved the gray gods  
shake!

## THE GREEN BIRD

### THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH

**T**HE veins of Earth with ichor flow —  
The calm clear blood of gods:  
The crystal silver to and fro  
Beneath the passive purblind clay  
And heavy-lidded sods,  
Diviningly feels out the way  
And animates the sudden sway  
Of life within each embryo.

With tendril-slender flowing force  
The drowsing germens stir  
And tides of Being swell and course  
Self-sure in each as kind must move,  
Nor ever can it err;  
No growth but shall fruition prove,  
No change but shall the traits behave  
The Waters christened from their Source.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE DAY'S NURTURE

**O** DRINK the purling dawn, my Soul,  
drink deep!

Devour the mellow day's maturing fruit;  
Let gladness in thee like the Sun's fount leap,  
And ripeness crown thee, from that living  
root!



## THE GREEN BIRD

### A BREATH OF AIR

**W**IND-WINNOWED air, storm-pure! —

But with the Sea's salt drive,  
The Fir-wood's breath, alive!  
Caught up within thy lure,  
Earth's attar thou dost hold, —  
The very soul of things  
Soars on thy vagrant wings,  
Rests in thy fragrant fold!

O catch thou up, and lift  
The fire the body burns,  
When breath as incense yearns  
Far on thine upward drift!  
Winnow the Wind of Will!  
Lift it past bound and range  
Of drag, or check or change,  
The Spirit's reach to fill! —

## LIPS OF MUSIC

So Earth-forgetting Isles  
Far, Sea-allurèd sail,  
Till in Heav'n's blue they pale,  
And Light enraptur'd smiles.  
Where boundless air beguiles,  
The moor'd Worlds sing and spin;  
Breath-wafted Spirit! win  
Where Soul all-reconciles.

## THE GREEN BIRD

### ISLAND MAGIC

**A**PART from din of cities, stir of men,  
The pure bright summer through,  
I leave the singing surf-wreathed Isle, and  
then, —

I am an Island, too!  
I feel the Sea's arms clasping me around,  
I hear song learned of her,  
Apart, although within the City's bound,  
And safe from din and stir.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### SELF-SUFFICEMENT

**W**HILE the Day was preparing her  
splendor, I slept;  
I was housed while the storm-bow was plotting  
the spring of his arc.  
Did I see the night-primrose in smith-work  
adept  
Forge her beads, bleeding gold, chaining  
anthers to stigma, ere dark?  
I peered close, yet the magic she wrought  
Still my eyes never caught.

For no marking of mine, for no wages or  
show  
Was Earth moved from her stealth of devising  
the beauty of life!  
Well sufficed her the passion for making,  
aglow

## SELF-SUFFICEMENT

At each sway of her finger-tips, willing the  
    strife

Of the Artist with matter: — pure fire!

Light in me, like desire!

I exult in the proud self-sufficement of  
    Earth,

In the recklessly reticent craft-work of mid-  
    night and morn,

In the sculpturing urge of the sea, in mere  
    mirth

Spending rapture on islets unheeding, un-  
    peopled, forlorn; —

Let me follow my soul's best behoof,

As self-sure, as aloof!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### EARTH'S ARTISTS

A PAINTER Autumn is, whose brush  
Shows earth's hot heart in each cool rush,  
Each bush flames underfoot, each tree —  
A tossing torch — flares high and free,  
Each plant would all a flower be.

A Sculptor Winter is: his hand  
With icy chisel carves the land;  
He bares earth's pureness to the light,  
His keen strokes shape with rigor right  
The sudden goddess, hushed and white.

Earth listens: her Musician, Spring,  
Afar, and timid, thrills his string:  
The goddess melts, — a girl descends;  
Those stars — her eyes, on his she bends,  
And deathless hope his luting lends.

## EARTH'S ARTISTS

But when the girl a woman turns,  
Within her soul all music burns;  
Her Poet, Summer, sings the word  
Her spirit had but inly heard,  
And life to know Life's joy is stirred.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE BEAT OF A WING

ON and on! hurling through  
Fainting spaces of tranquil blue,  
I beheld in the Vast, remote and high,  
Soaring lonely, a strong bird fly.  
Oh, the sight was a song,  
Only no words belong  
To a call of the spheres;  
Only eyes waken ears  
To a song the gaze hears.  
Who will witness it? You!  
Heed the hushing song, — see the singing  
sight  
Of a lonely bird's flight  
Through the sky's silent arc!  
Lo! with strain of the effort the wings shrink  
dark,



## THE BEAT OF A WING

With the beat of each motive they droop, drop  
stark,

Of the glory bereft, the color, light,  
While they pulse the most might,  
Living buds of winged flower  
Urging on the ripe hour!

Ah! the bloom of the effort now opens them  
bright!

See, oh, see! Beat of motive now blossoms  
them white,

And the feathery petals fling wide rays  
From the heaven-lit ways

To the founts of desire in the solar blaze!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THOSE BROWN MUMMERS

**I** SUSPECT the rocks of feeling:

See those mummers by the shore!

Yes; they practise double-dealing,

Those brown mummers by the shore.

Oh, I watched them while they waited, —

While the tide was round them wheeling, —

For the wave to wash them o'er, —

Flash its cool, wet, dripping fingers,

With the touch that slips and lingers,

Through their sea-weed beards all lank,

Drooping down their stolid chins, —

Though they seemed to stare all blank, —

Stricken stony for their sins, —

Yet with yearning were they kneeling,

Praying Love with hearts unsated,

Craving Life forever more!

## THOSE BROWN MUMMERS

And, when all the tide was reeling  
Passionate on them, then, I saw  
How their beards wagged, how they  
    laughed,  
Great draughts of uncaution quaffed,  
And were glad to be unstable,  
All unmoored and all unable  
To pretend the fixed is law!

I suspect the rocks of feeling  
All Life's unrest to the core,  
I suspect of double-dealing  
Those brown mummerys by the shore.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### WEATHER WISDOM

**D**EAR Earth! how lovable thou art to-day!  
How dreamily, yet warily aware,  
Beneath the magic of thy hand's warm sway,  
The pliant waters shimmeringly play  
All round the sun-kissed strand!  
But this thy hand was feverish yesterday,  
And heavily oppressed the sea to bear  
Its heat, while with a grasp of brass it lay  
On winds too faint to thrust the spell away,  
And heal the sun-pierced land.

And angry was thy grip the day before,  
When all the wild winds, warring with the  
Sea,  
No truce obeyed nor cruelty forbore.  
Yet, Earth! what fault soe'er of aught day  
more  
Could mar thy flowing plan?

## WEATHER WISDOM

The fierce days wrest, as prize, the days most  
rare

From thy large clasp; in warmth hatched  
stealthily,

A brood of rude days rise from days most fair.

Oh, who from all thy moods finds one to spare.

Nor mar thy flowing plan!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE MIRACLE OF SPRING

**T**HE laughing little waves Love's will out-  
ran: —

Could any steeds less subtle race so well  
As these curved sea-lips kissing round  
Love's shell?

Her flying cherubs, fleeting as they can,  
With puffing cheeks may only steer and fan  
The secret breezes that unseen impel  
Her shallop on, and they but heed the spell  
That stings her heart for Earth — dear home  
of man.

O quicken new the miracle of Spring!  
Ride, Love, all glowing from thy far sea-  
home!  
Rise, Earth, to clasp her in thine arms  
and thrill



LA NASCITA DI VENERE.





## MIRACLE OF SPRING

With breeze-born touches, buds of spirit-  
wing!

Then let thy breast enfold Love's fire and  
foam,

Thy living vesture, Love's bared beauty  
fill!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### MOON GLAMOUR

IS this the land we knew day after day?  
Can this be common grass earth-rooted fast?  
Or this, the well-defined familiar bay,  
Whose every isle and cove the chart had cast  
With reckoning marked where land-locked  
channels passed?

No, this for all the worlds is water-way  
Through dreamed-of realms where death-  
less elves hold sway;  
No eye descries them, only ears that listen  
Catch the light laugh afloat past leaves that  
glisten.

The Soul once loved this wonder, long ago,  
Shared converse with these elves no eye hath  
seen,  
Winged wide free flight where these strange  
sea-ways flow,

## MOON GLAMOUR

Divining what the wistful waves would mean,  
When down to them the faint stars seem to  
lean;

Ay! This ecstatic light where swooneth  
Space

In poured-forth rapture brimmed to  
Heaven's face

Is the Soul's gaze transfiguring with glamour  
This frame of Earth whose soul doth Soul  
enamour.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### A W A R E

**L**ONG moonlit nights I watched, to slowly  
taste

How perfect minutes in each minute melt.  
And now, long moonlit nights in sleep I waste;  
Yet all my dreams their flowing calm have  
felt

Soothing the passion, silvering the rose  
Of life that still through darkened eyelids  
glows.

Quiet serene! still hoid me, — heed my  
prayer; —

Ye kept my nights awake, keep them aware!  
Let conscious bliss my resting spirit bathe,  
And consecration white my whole soul  
swathe!

## DAYLIGHT

*And God said, "Let there be light!"*

EVERY day the river dreams,  
Muddy ebb and all.  
Every day the city gleams  
Through the smoky pall.  
Every day my light within  
Laughs at little human sin,  
Smooths the darkened brow  
With its glad "How now!"  
Sin and smoke and turbid streams  
Glow, embraced in sudden beams,  
Lifted, lighted, shining-shod,  
In the footing light hath trod,  
Freed from any thrall.  
Love! thy light thus crowns a soul

## LIPS OF MUSIC

Till the flaws enhance the whole  
And the spirit laud;  
All the faults ye would destroy  
Glisten, melt in light, in joy,  
Of the ray from God!

## AIRS OF SPRING

AIRS of Spring!

Sway and swing,

Free and fling

The scarce unfurled green banners of the  
trees!

Playful breeze!

Toss and tease,

Loose and seize

The curling plumed white pennons of the  
clouds

Now straying, and now scampering in crowds

Across the blue,

Alive with you,

Airs of Spring!

Airs of Spring!

Stir and sting,

Will and wing

## LIPS OF MUSIC

Out to the light all joys in man that flow  
Ere he know,  
Longings slow,  
Fires that glow  
And blossom suddenly in deeds of flame,  
Sure of their right to be, sure of their aim;  
Man's might make new,  
More live than you,  
Airs of Spring!



## COME

O COME out in the Open  
Between the Earth and Sun!  
For Life hath called and holpen  
The buried flowers each one  
To burst their old year's leafage —  
Their grave-clods dull and dead,  
And climbing through the cleavage  
To lift each fairy head.

Could necks so frail, so tender,  
Such bodies soft and small,  
Through hard ground rise so slender?  
'T is all a marvel, — all! —  
Unless the Spirit in them,  
Bolder than bodies are,  
Doth hearten them and win them  
To greet the great Day-star;

## LIPS OF MUSIC

Unless Desire below them

    In Earth's deep breast of love  
Pour through and overflow them  
    To meet the love above.

O come out in the Open,

    Ye human flowers each one! —  
To grace and force be holpen, —  
    Re-born twixt Earth and Sun!

## THE FLOWER ANSWERS

*The Man speaks: —*

**L**ITTLE Flower, art thou lonely, —  
Hand to pluck awaiting, Dear?  
Spending life in craving only,  
Lacking guest to reap thy cheer?

*The Flower answers: —*

Little lordling, ye hear dully  
My voice chord with all Life's song:  
Need I greedy hand to cull me  
Who to Mankind's God belong?

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE SECRET OF THE PLACE

A LITTLE path winds saunt'ring to our  
door,

All through the clover;

Sea touches soothe your cheek and kiss your  
brow,

As you come over.

The Sea and Earth embraced catch you up,  
too;

Here they love each other. Here how they  
love — You!

And all day long

A little bird's song

Interprets you the secret of the place:

*"Oh! but life is sweet, sweet!*

*Life is sweet! Sweet!"*

## SECRET OF THE PLACE

The Sea is like a tossing daisy-field,  
Darkling and whit'ning;  
The daisy-field 's a sun-flecked sea of foam,  
Threat'ning and bright'ning.  
All diff'rences there are beneath the sun,  
How they melt in music! How they here are  
— One!  
Where all day long  
A little bird's song  
Interprets you the secret of the place:  
*"Oh! but life is sweet, sweet!*  
*Life is sweet! Sweet!"*

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### MONHEGAN

A LONELY land, fantastic, sphinxish,  
Full of freshness, full of fire.  
All day long the hot sun woos it,  
Kissing pallid flaunting grasses,  
Thrilling ruddy tiny prickles  
Armoring sun-dew in its marshes, —  
In its still deep-bosomed marshes.  
All night long the witch-moon soothes it,  
With white-handed gentle gestures,  
Lulling it to half awake it  
So it keep its passionate calm.  
All the days long, all the nights long,  
Lovingly the laughing ocean  
Round it flings his happy arms —  
Arms that loosen in contentment —  
Arms that clasp with fresh allurements —

## MONHEGAN

Arms delirious with pleasure,  
Keeping yet a comrade's touch;  
While the wild glad land refrains not  
From response as free and flowing,  
Daring love, and love withholding,  
Ever his, while still her own!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### INLAND

MY happy eyes have seen  
The Sun's far-spreading sheen  
Flash its bright wing and hover  
A joyous blissful lover  
Over the answering sea.

Now may I turn and go  
Inland, contented, slow,  
Musing a lifetime's leisure  
Over an inward treasure,  
For mine eyes have seen the sea!

My happy heart hath known  
The light deep love hath thrown,  
The instant flame and vision  
Turning all life elysian  
Within the answering soul.



## INLAND

Now may I turn and work,  
No steadfast toiling shirk,  
Each far-off aim the purer,  
For light within, held surer,  
Since my heart hath known Love's soul!

*Oh! Who yet, having seen the Sea,  
If he then must inland go,  
Doth not eat his heart with yearning  
To behold its ceaseless flow?  
And who yet, having known Love's soul,  
If he then must parting go,  
Doth not thrill each breath with burning  
For its ecstasy and glow?  
He, the sea within discerning,  
Of its secret urge hath learning,  
And no inland calm can know.*

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### ISLE AU HAUT

OH! a million-million-masted ship,  
With millions of green sails spread,  
A prow of rock to the tide's fierce lip,  
And song at each mast-head, —  
A prow of rock  
Where the breakers flock,  
And song to fling  
Where the sea-birds wing, —  
Song of the trees,  
Song of the breeze,  
Song through all heaven to flow, —  
A green-winged, rock-built, soaring ship  
Is Isle au Haut!

Oh! a far sure voyage this ship fares  
On her swerveless upright keel,  
Through measureless seas of space she bears  
Aims true as the pole stars feel.  
Steady her helm,  
Though the wild waves overwhelm.

## ISLE AU HAUT

More firm her quest  
For their huge unrest;  
Vary and flaw  
Fixes the law

Whereby all staunch ships go.  
A tireless voyage dauntless dares  
This Isle au Haut!

A deep-eyed angel bares her brow  
Where the light spray leaps and laughs,  
And the gaunt cliff at the giant bow  
The sea's wine thirstily quaffs, —  
The sea's strong wine  
In the wide sun shine,  
Or swooning calm  
Of the moon's white balm;  
Stormy or still,  
Good is the will  
In the angel's eyes aglow,  
God-wise, God-sure she guides the prow  
Of Isle au Haut!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### WITH WAVES AND WINGS

**O** WAVES and Wings and Growing Things!

As through the gladdened sight ye flow

And flit and glow,

Ye win me so

In soul to go,

I too am waves, I too am wings,

And kindred motion in me springs.

With thee I pass, glad growing grass! —

I climb the air with lissome mien;

Unsheathing keen

The vivid sheen

Of spiring green,

I thrill the crude, exalt the crass

Fine-flex'd and fluent from Earth's mass.

## WAVES AND WINGS

And impulse craves with thee, Sea Waves! —

To make all mutable the floor

Of Earth's firm shore,

With flashing pour

Whose brimming o'er

Impassion'd motion loves and laves

And livens sombre slumbering caves.

Then soaring where the wild birds fare,

My song would sweep the windy lyre

Of Heaven's choir,

Pulsing desire

For starry fire,

Abashing chilling vagues of air

With throbbing of warm breasts that dare!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE CHILDE BY THE SEA

*Of the Will of the Childe and the Sway of  
the Sea — Of the counselling Voice of the  
Soul that declareth the Plot of the Whole  
— And the Vision that promiseth Har-  
mony.*

**T**HE lips of the Wooer are white, —  
The lips of the wild wooing Sea,  
With hisses of hatred he sharpens his tongue,  
Grim is his glee!  
With longing of loving his pleading is wrung,  
None woos as he!  
From stress of the spirit — the human  
birthright,  
He lureth the Childe to be free.  
A kiss on his lips lies her Soul, —  
The Soul of the Childe by the Sea,  
Her eyes would forget all their innermost  
light,

## CHILDE BY THE SEA

Freed would she be  
From stress of desire and the human insight,  
So lured her he!  
With passioning spent to be blent with the  
Whole,  
Full fain to lose self-hood is she!

*Then besought her the Sea, and he cried  
wooingly:*

“One blood with Mine,  
“My unrest Thine!” —

*And her heart rang in unison, echoingly:*

“One blood with Thine,  
“Thy unrest Mine! —  
“For prison’d in flesh is the fire  
“The Powers that begat me instil;  
“It narrows the World to desire,  
“Yet mocketh the range of my will:  
“Thrill’d through with the sway and the  
urge

## LIPS OF MUSIC

“Of world-lapping, soft-singing surge,

“How good to merge

“Life’s hungering, thirsting outgo

“In boundless flow!”

*Then the whispering Sea caution’d cunningly:*

“Forbear thou, like Powers that begat thee,  
to deal

“With chaos, continual shaping and strife,

“The ceaseless Reel

“Of Over-Life;

“For who but thy Makers can master that  
Wheel?

“And who but thy Makers from living may  
wrest,

“The might in the bosom of Nature  
possess’d?

“Seek thou thy nest, —

“My broad bare breast!

“The age-long plan

“But shaped forth Man



## CHILDE BY THE SEA

“To find him this

“Serene, sure bliss!”

*So the whispering murmuring ebbs and sinks  
low in a hiss,*

*And it swirls back subsiding in silence all  
subtly astir.*

*All its waves fuse like words in one sense and  
one will, seeking her.*

The lips of the Wooer are white, —

The lips of the wild wooing Sea,

With hisses of hatred he sharpens his tongue,

Grim is his glee!

With longing of loving his pleading is wrung,

None woos as he!

From stress of the spirit — the human  
birthright,

He lureth the Childe to be free.

A kiss on his lips lies her Soul, —

The Soul of the Childe by the Sea;

Her eyes would forget all their innermost  
light,

## LIPS OF MUSIC

Freed would she be  
From stress of desire and the human insight  
So lured her he!  
With passioning spent to be blent with the  
Whole,  
Full fain to lose self-hood is she!  
“One blood with Thine,  
“Thy unrest Mine!  
“Yet ever a shudder restraineth my Will;  
“In the hiss of thy kiss glitters treachery’s  
skill.”

*Then her Soul called within her, imperiously:*

“Forbear thou to yield me — thy Soul —  
to the Sea:  
“The Powers that begat thee through me  
bid thee strive,  
“Creation alone by thy striving shall thrive!  
“On thee alone falleth the sway and the  
urge  
“That gropes in the heaving and murmur-  
ing surge;

## CHILDE BY THE SEA

“Ay! all that it blindly would seek

“Through thee, through thy Soul,  
must it wreak:

“My impetus silent and sure

“Dictateth a shadowy plot

“Thine eyes of the flesh can see  
not;

“Yet shall it, long ages endure,—

“Endure till Man’s heart warm  
the flame, —

“Endure till Man’s will point the  
aim

“And master the might he must never refuse

“Nor force; neither yield to supinely, nor  
bruise

“For pleasuring under the foot,

“But brotherly, lovingly use,

“Till Sea and till Land and till  
Brute

“Shall reap the full joy of the fruit

“Of slow aspiration in Man —

“Completer of all they began.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

"Though yet thou divinest not how

"Thy Soul to that dream bids thee bow.

"To no other leading

"Give ear, nor give heeding,

"Lead thou!

"I, regnant within thee, — thy Soul,

"Shall guide, through thy Will, and control

"The dimly seen scheme,

"To shape itself fair in the beam

"That shines from thine unresting dream.

"No Titan unrest of the Sea

"Shall deaden that unrest in thee:

"Nor ever shall his longing master

"The longing in thee that is vaster:

"To subtler unrest

"Awake in thy breast,

"Let his then its just tribute pour, —

"Increase kindred force evermore!

"Thy Will, for the Powers that begat thee,  
Life's Wheel

## CHILDE BY THE SEA

“Shall steer, through thy dream, for the  
World’s livelong weal!”

*O’er the far-singing Voice of the Sea soars the  
Soul’s Voice she knows,  
From their marriage in music together strange  
prophecy flows,  
She is stung with it, Pythoness-stung, with  
God’s oracle glows,  
To the blue mounts desire, lost in light of the  
largeness that grows  
And enfolds it, as skies in dim rapture the toss’d  
seas enclose. —  
Ah! so mounts, so enfolds her the promise  
wrung strong through her throes,  
Springing fair through long futures no instant  
of living but sows!*



II  
SELENE

*LAMENTATION MAY NOT BE IN A POET'S  
HOUSE • SUCH THINGS BEFIT NOT US*

— SAPHO

FAIR-FACED Selene, Daughter of Zeus;  
accomplished in the sacred art of song, the  
wide wings of whose immortal head wrap up  
the circling Earth, the light of whose death-  
less brows dwells lingering in the stream of  
ocean when she bathes her silver bosom,  
while her far-off-sprinkling-Luster Evening  
wears, and the subtle air rejoices in the deli-  
cate splendor; divine Selene, yoking her glit-  
tering high-breasted steeds maned with curled  
flame! As she waxes, her beams exhale un-  
speakable glory: then from her do men divine  
and soothsay: Hail, queen! white-armed god-  
ess, blissful Selene, serene of heart and fair of  
tress, whom Muse-loved sweet-sung poets  
celebrate!

*Freely adapted from the Homeric Hymn to the full  
Moon, with use of Chapman (1616) and Lang  
(1905).*





SELENE.



## PSALM OF THE RED DOORS

**O** THE spell of the Red Doors is on me,  
And the Psalm of the Lips chanteth in me!  
I shall never forget how they opened,  
For their touch ever singeth within me.

I was wooed of the Red Doors to enter;  
With my soul on my lips then I entered,  
And the soul on my lips was alive.  
And the wind of the Portal upcaught me;  
It enrapt me away then forever.  
And the flame of the Portal enseared me;  
It ensealed me and seared me forever!  
Still I shake with the wind of the Portal,  
With the breath of the Portal I quiver:  
Still I mount with the flame of the Portal,  
With the fire of the Red Doors I tremble,  
With their passionate star-fire I flower:

## LIPS OF MUSIC

Ever sheathed is the flame-bloom, enfolded,  
Ever holy of heart, ever growing,  
Ever holy of heart, ever fragrant;  
All its petals are pointed together, —  
Praying hands that do point and aspire:  
All its blossoms are birds a-wing, singing,  
All its fragrance is breath and desire.  
O my Soul is a living torch lifted,  
Budding flowers of flame in mid-air,  
Burning incense and song in mid-air;  
Ever spiring with blossoming flame,  
Ever leaping with quenchless white fire,  
Ever restlessly soaring upborne  
On the Wings of the Wind and the Flame  
Of the open Red Doors of my Altar,  
Of the Doors of the Shrine of my life.

O the ember-red taciturn Portal  
Hath enrapt me and seared me forever,  
It hath seared me and sealed me forever!  
Ay, forever and ever. Amen. ,

## LOVE'S BANQUET.

*One of the Banqueters, singing —*

POUR Love wine! Pour, pour!  
Brim Him more, ever more!  
Thrill the subtle veins of sense,  
Flood the soul-house till the dense  
Is as air,  
Vague as mist,  
Fierce as fire,  
Flung intense  
As a prayer  
On acquist  
Of pure desire!  
Loose the chains that weight the Soul!  
Fine the flesh to her control!  
Wing! Wing the whole!  
Pour Love wine! Pour, pour!  
Brim Him more, ever more!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

*Another of the Banqueters rejoining, singing —*

Fear the God! Fear, fear!  
Keep the Vision calm, clear!  
Scant Him to His thirsty lips,  
Look you that His beaker slips  
From His grasp,  
Ere the lees  
Stain the draught  
And shame strips  
From His clasp  
Ecstasies  
All spent, all quaffed!  
Counsel measure! wisdom led,  
Fear Love's madness, and, instead,  
Give Love bread, daily bread!  
Fear the God! Fear, fear!  
Keep the Vision calm, clear!

*The voice of Love answering, singing —*

Ay! Ay! Ye have said!  
Brim me wine! Feed me bread!

## LOVE'S BANQUET

Grudge no wholesomeness of wheat  
Gradual labor grindeth meet  
For my fare;  
Nor the bliss  
Sudden strong,  
Sweet and fleet,  
Festal rare,  
Let me miss  
When ardors throng,  
In the Earth's womb fostered long,  
Through the brown stalk pushing prong,  
In the grape's globe breeding song!  
Ay! Ay! Ye have said!  
Brim me wine! Feed me bread!

*The One Banqueter and the Other, concordantly,  
singing —*

Fear the God! Fear, fear!  
Keep the Vision calm, clear!  
Pour Love wine! Pour, pour!  
Pledge Him more! Ever more!

## THE RETICENT STARS

THE love Love tells is but one gleaming  
star

In deeps untold of stars that dumbly dwell  
In light not breathing yet to Earth its  
spell —

One radiant star where all those dark worlds  
are.

Although no space can Light's sure arrow bar,  
They are so near God's Touch — Love's  
boundless well —

They dare not yet their dazzling secret  
tell —

Blazon the pureness nearness cannot mar.

Unerring, sacred, quenchless light of Love!  
Thy splendor Night's drooped eyelids feel  
and sheathe;

Yet all thy reticent dark stars afar



## RETICENT STARS '

In unimagined glory thronged above,  
    May through the hush their pulsing bright-  
        ness breathe,  
And, trembling, speak in but one gleaming  
    star.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE HUSHED STRAIN

WHOSE heart is torn beneath his tranquil cloak,  
Who wept at quiet coming of the dawn,  
To him at least the Lord of Heaven once spoke —  
Hushed strain! his fine ear list'ning holds,  
withdrawn.

HOW SHALL I MY TRUE  
LOVE KNOW?

MY True Love's name is Pain.

Her black brows frown.

Breath of her mouth is Doubt:

It chills her own fire out.

Where her lips' touch hath lain

Love's bliss to crown,

The transport's edge hath slain! —

Fear smote us down.

My True Love Pain! Dear Pain!

Wouldst thou with me I wonder, —

Test how the Soul bears strain

The Body falters under?

Must I my True Love know

By this deep scar? —

I, craving joy as air,

Risks free as frank winds dare,

## LIPS OF MUSIC

From her doubt learn this woe —

Myself to mar! —

And tossed thus to and fro,

Estrange my star!

My True Love Pain, dear Pain!

Wouldst thou with me I wonder, —

Prove how the Soul reaps gain

From throes that cleave asunder!

Yea! I my True Love know

By wounds and fears;

Yet since of Love they came,

I hail them in Love's name;

I crown with calm each throe,

Stanch shining tears,

Choose shame above the show

Of lighter years.

My True Love Pain, dear Pain!

Riches of thee I plunder, —

Such sweetness I am fain

To win, — my Soul hath wonder.

## LOVE, HELP THY LIEGEMAN!

*For a Beatrice Nuova, with lingering memory of Dante's  
Ballad*

**L**ORD LOVE! Go thou, for me with her  
to dwell

And foster that in her to reap not seek —  
Her sweet compassion, swift as thou to know,  
What else 't were best to hide from chilling  
glance: —

How strange as life love is in me, beyond  
All strength of man to vanquish, ere again  
It rise unvanquished; like that angel might  
The thews of Israel grew ever strong  
From wrestling with, yet never threw, and  
still

Drew blessing from, — the awful kiss of God  
Branding the foeman who such grappling  
dared.

Yet foster not in her, Lord Love! — if  
this

## LIPS OF MUSIC

She learn through thee, aught that may vex  
her peace,

Or trouble her pure eyes, with pain for me;  
But tutor her how woe from thy deep soul  
Is richer than the shallow happiness  
Thy careless shorter-lasting moods lets fall  
Thy flying fingers; in whose grasp and wrench  
My heart rests marked, aye shapen to her will  
In pride, though scored with flames of thine  
through her,

The brand of angel-struggle in my soul.

And Love, Lord Love! if thou so far in  
her

Compassion stir; ah! if thy whitest beam  
Uncloak like woe in her, like strife of bliss  
To chord with mine; — lead her to freely  
spend

Her face — eyes — rapt, on mine; thereafter  
what

Twain ways of life but we should conqu'ring  
march,

Nor fail to meet forever, parting thus!

## IKAROS

**B**E loved and love! — till out of joy

A prouder transport springs

To master bliss, dare ardors cloy,

Dare Soul fling wider wings: —

Such wondrous wings

Must outsoar God, —

Before His Face the Man-heart laud!

Yet if Love chanced to smile, content;

Or craved he, quenchless, more,

He alien stayed, though with God blent,

So faint a heart he bore! —

Too faint heart bore

To ride the Sphere: —

He sank to find his dwelling — here!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE SECOND VINTAGE

**H**OW may I think you false, Dear?

How can I call you light? —

'T was bliss to be but near, Dear,

Our souls had such clear sight.

May what was once so true, Dear,

Know any change indeed?

I scout the chill-eyed fear, Dear,

That makes my faint heart bleed.

Let me but free this anguish,

And yield my scorn right scope!

Ah! love can never languish

Although it lose all hope.

The rage and scorn pent in me

Flare tumult through my brain;

Thine eyes on mine look strangely:

My soul is fierce with pain.



## SECOND VINTAGE

Yet doubting love is treason;

I'll rend some veil away,

And find the gnawing reason

That frets the old love's sway.

I wait in abject weakness;

I probe the secret truth,

I prove my pain with meekness,

I tear my breast with ruth.

Not Love's deep look, mere Pity's

I crave — kind torture? — No! —

Too high were once our blisses;

I drink my tears, — and go!

But all that wine divine, Dear,

Our souls quaffed solemnly.

I pledge anew with thine, Dear,

Alone, triumphantly.

A victor shall I say, Dear? —

I win, whate'er the cost;

But bleed my heart away, Dear,

For human comfort lost.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE "UNEXPRESSIVE SHE"

**D**EEP blue seas are certain eyes,  
Basking in them Love's Soul lies;  
That strange world the sense-world flies,  
    Beaming from them;  
Will to suffer yet to rise;  
Energy to climb the skies,  
    Streaming from them.

In those seas who looks deep cries —  
"All I hoped would prove Life's prize  
Here exceeds my best surmise!" —  
    Deeming of them  
Was the ray to light the wise,  
And the love beyond all ties, —  
    Dreaming of them! —

## THE “UNEXPRESSIVE SHE ”

For they harden while you look,  
No deep question will they brook,  
What you brought them — that you took —  
    Seeming of them!  
From your yearning self arise  
Those deep joys Love's wish espies,  
    Dreaming of them.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### KEEPING SCORE

“**T**HROUGH many days,  
Her gracious ways,  
Familiar to me grown,  
In richer store  
Shall heap the score  
Of love for her I ’ve known.”

Ah! so I said;  
But nearness led  
To love past all before,  
Until I knew,  
Than now I do  
I could not love her more!

## FLITTING JOY

**F**LITTING Joy drew near and hovered

Till my gladness hers discovered:

Then she yielded to my drouth;

Freely gave her happy mouth

Fragrant with the sun-kissed South,

Mixed with mine her sun-lit eyes

Till no doubt of them could rise

Nor their look from mine could stray

Evermore, and — went her way!

Did she go? How strange her leaving!

Flitting so was scarce bereaving:

Mourning o'er it long and long

Heartens me and makes me strong;

Joy I nevermore can wrong,

With her lips my words I speak,

With her eyes my Heaven seek.

Did she go? — or does she stay? —

Ever with me, aye and aye!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE BANNERS

**T**HY heart shall hold love folded in,  
As timid leaves in May  
Hold tremblingly, all moulded in,  
On each sky-seeking spray,  
Through cloud and cold, through storm and  
calm,  
Close-crumpled in each furled-in palm  
The banners broad of June.

Thy heart, as they, shall curb desire,  
Through cloud and cold, till Sun,  
Of ripeness born, unfurl the fire  
From Spring's reluctance won:  
God's moment then shall win the way  
To fling from timid clasp of May  
The banners broad of June.



NIRVANA

SS  
1895

NIRVANA.





## N I R V A N A

**M**Y Heart is wreathed around with wings,  
With wings close-furled,  
From my Heart's brow a Lotus springs,  
With tears dew-pearled;  
From my Heart's eyes the tears are shed, —  
Lids, hide the throes!  
O my Heart's lips, on kisses fed,  
No love disclose,  
Hide my Heart's Rose!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE WAY OF THE WIND

*"So is every one that is born of the Spirit."*

**M**Y Spirit seized thine as the Wind of God  
Whence It wisteth flowing,  
Where It listeth blowing;  
With swift-born silence and secrecy shod,  
We followed the way the still footing trod,  
My Spirit and thine, as the Will of God,  
Nor the wherefore knowing,  
In a transport going!

What law in thy Soul then pierced mine like  
Fate,  
As it listeth smiting  
With its carven writing?  
Wavered the Wind of the ecstasy late;  
Faltered the Music no music could mate:  
Now plod we wayfaring in lonely state,  
With wings drooped alighting  
From a dream of plighting.

## WAY OF THE WIND

Yet wait we as waiteth the passive tide; —

When it wisteth surging,

As it listeth merging

The docile waters, that its will abide,

Resistless in one trend who yet hath tried

To rend aside, when they in glory ride,

Well assured, their scourging

Works the round earth's purging?

Arise God's wind! Breathe again from the  
deep,

Whom thou listeth sealing

With thy swift revealing!

Bind the white tide as thy yoke-charger,  
sweep

On to one bliss our souls of love who keep

Sacred the hest that bids them wait, nor reap

The great rush of feeling

Save from God's lips reeling!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### SATURN

**I**N a shining space

Her face!

In other spaces

A world of faces, —

Outside! —

As the rings that ride

In their dusker state

Round the Star of Fate,

Their dim whorl afar

From the central star

Alone

My own!

My heart of pure white,

My well-spring of light,

All the sky a waste

To hold thee more graced,

The shrinèd and chaste.

O Thou! the lone moved,

The firm-hearted, pure,

## SATURN

Immaculate, proved  
To abide and endure,  
From whom thunders deep,  
Implacable, leap, —  
And the secret might  
Of the Father-born  
In blue-brilliant night  
Lifts her glancing horn, —  
Hecatè, — holding  
In Thine — her Sire's name,  
The seeds of live fire,  
In her wide breast's folding,  
The spell of desire,  
The flower of flame,  
And the spirit-dower  
In her hands' control  
Of the winds that scour  
Beyond Earth's pole, —  
In thy rings embrace  
Her face!

Sire Saturn, — thy thunder

## LIPS OF MUSIC

Guard ever the wonder!

Immure

In Fate's cincture sure

Forever the sense

Of the touch intense!

And Hecatè, thou,

Who the Deep can plough

And spur

The stir

Of the leaping water, —

O Father-born daughter,

Up-summon the coal —

Flame-seed in the Soul

When thy great winds roll!

The undying ember

Thy look's fecund spell

Shall rouse, will remember

The God no gods quell, —

Who 'mid the still regions

Of starry legions

Girt with shining hides,

Alone-moved abides.

## LOVE'S HOLY DAYS

### THE CHRISTMAS

*"No man hath seen God. . . . The only begotten son  
which is in the Bosom . . . hath declared him."*

**T**HE very Christ once with us dwelt,  
Born in a quiet lowly;  
Only a star sang, and we knelt.  
The meagre room was holy.

Our lips touched, as angel-wings touch  
O'er the crib where they hover,  
The love born within us was such  
As the Christ-child they cover.

A babe it was, helpless and meek,  
Our gifts and tendance craving,  
Yet a god withal, we must seek  
To find strength for our saving.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE EPIPHANY

*“Lo, the star went before them, . . . and they rejoiced,  
. . . and opened their treasures, and presented gifts, gold,  
frankincense, and myrrh.”*

THE heart of the glow of our star,  
Ever calling us hither,  
Is guiding us on from afar,  
Sure are we It knows whither!

No treasure so rich, overwrought  
With travail of the giver,  
But, counting its pricelessness nought,  
Haste we on to deliver!

The gold of our hearts still we give,  
Yet are never the poorer;  
The breath of each instant we live,  
Yet of life are but surer.

With fragrance of frankincense, myrrh,  
Of love's bitterness burning,  
From anguish most keenly astir,  
Measureless sweetness earning.



## LOVE'S HOLY DAYS

### THE HOLY THURSDAY

*“And he said, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. . . . And he withdrew from them, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!”*

**T**HIS is anguish, — early, late,  
Ceaseless love of one to hate;  
All unmeet for hearts below;  
Only Gods should bear such woe,  
Only Gods such secrets know.

Such the anguish, — thine, O Christ,  
Piercing love that far out-priced  
Rood and nails and spear-thrust through,  
Scorn of those thy pity knew, —  
Those who wist not what they do!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

Shrink, my lips, from cup of strength  
Making man scarce man at length;  
All unmeet for hearts below;  
Only Gods should bear such woe,  
Only Gods such secrets know.

Oh, to honor, not look down  
On the soul thy love would crown,  
Know the Christ of flesh and pain  
By compassion, equal, fain,  
Not by lonely spirit gain!

## LOVE'S HOLY DAYS

### THE EASTER EVE

*"The next day the Pharisees came together, . . . saying, That deceiver said, while he was yet alive, . . . I will rise again. Command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure. . . . Pilate said, Ye have a watch. Make it as sure as ye can."*

ALL-LOVING love is in his tomb,  
Half-loves alone are living;  
For such may earth-born men yield room,  
Denying Heaven's giving.

All-loving love from heaven sent,  
Must have his mission scouted,  
And share what scant-breathed life is lent  
Earth-loves that may be doubted.

All-loving love hath bent his head  
Nor sought his due exalting  
Beyond the hope those body-led  
Allot to love's assaulting.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

Earth-love whose life is through each child  
Renewed with half defeature,  
That knows not yet the undefiled  
Undying spirit-nature.

Doubt's soldiery gross-guards the tomb,  
Sees not above it hover  
Faith's angel, watching, too, till doom  
Obey the Master-lover!

## THE ORDER OF PERPETUAL ADORATION

**T**HERE is an Order in the Church  
Permits no sun nor season,  
No hour nor minute Time could search,  
No slight nor weighty reason  
To stop the praise adoring ever  
The touch Divine  
Whose hallowing none may dissever  
From bread and wine.

Within the heart like order held  
Ordains each lesser feeling,  
Or sudden joy or throe up-welled  
From deeps of Life's revealing  
Shall celebrate and still assever  
The touch divine  
Of Love supreme, forgetting never  
Lips once its shrine.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### IMMORTALITY

ALL guarded round with floating beams  
Of inward light,  
My Angel, inly listening, dreams,  
With inmost sight:  
And thrilling for a singing flight  
Up visioned ways,  
Around her head an aureole  
Of wide wings rays;  
Within them Power beats and burns,  
As underneath her eyelids yearns  
Her dreaming Soul.

With ardors of imagining,  
Caressed apart,  
Deep spirit-piercing raptures wring  
My Angel's Heart —  
Seed-fires that visibly up start  
In flames of bloom,



THE VISION OF LOVE IN SLEEP.





## IMMORTALITY

Whose waving blossoms gladness wrest  
    From rankling gloom;  
Her shining brow around they wreathe,  
Each uplift of her life-breath breathe,  
    Forever blest!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### BY THE SIXTH SENSE

O I see, I see the tears of blood  
In the lotus bud,  
Though it blooms on thy brow,  
O so whitely now,  
Proud Saint!  
O I see, I know  
The stabbing woe  
And hidden stain  
Of conquered pain,  
Dear Saint!

O then feel with me how fierce the wind  
When the wings sprang twinned,  
Though they beat round my brow  
O so lightly, now,  
Proud Saint!

## THE SIXTH SENSE

Only thee I show  
The torture-throe  
And dragging drain  
Whence strong wings strain,  
Dear Saint!

If we cancel, thus the bitter debt,  
May we quite forget  
How the tears still endure  
In the lotus pure,  
Proud Saint! —  
How the scar still stings  
'Neath soaring wings  
Whose mounting flight  
Is thy soul's height,  
Dear Saint!

O from struggle ever wrest we strength  
Bringing peace, at length! —  
Be it so, or I fear,  
Ever lonely here,  
Proud Saint!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

I shall strive my best,  
Yet feel, o'erpressed,  
My wings, thy token,  
Fall broken — broken! —  
Dear Saint!

## INTERLUDE



## LIPS OF MUSIC

### DJABAL AND ANAEL

*Epilogue songs written to accompany Browning's  
"Return of the Druses."*

#### DJABAL'S SONG

AND am I not Hakeem, though man?  
Needs it a God to plot and plan  
And pour his heart and brain and soul  
Through lonely patient scheming years, intent  
By small slow conquests to control  
And bring to birth, at last, the purpose meant?  
Is it no marvel earth-like stuff  
Compacts a sun night's blackness to rebuff?  
A man who leads is miracle enough!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### ANAEL'S SONG

**I** KNEW thy secret from the first,  
When thy heart's fire upon me burst,  
With music led me on and on  
Through anguish, gropingly to prove the clew,  
Till sight and soul in unison  
Beheld the Secret from the first I knew.  
No triumph with the God be mine!  
Hakeem, in Djabal only, I divine —  
Love — in that sin-shamed human breast of  
thine!



## IN PRAISE OF BROWNING

OF loveliness, and all the fair  
In Life, the perfect, choice, and rare —

The bloom of deeds

Most poets tell:

They with the love of Beauty swell

The heart of Man; and this is well.

But Browning moves to love of Life,

Oft-failing yet aspiring strife

Tow'rd Beauty's seeds —

The sleeping spore

Such love of Life can wake to soar

Within each heart: O this is more!

With growing light through ages shine

The vision of the Love Divine

Of God made Man:

So seers still win

## LIPS OF MUSIC

A hope for mortals, spite of sin,  
And Life is bless'd since that hath been.  
But Browning's vivid eye discerns  
God in each heart where pure love burns:  
    Where Spirit ran,  
    Flashing strange spells,  
Transcendent love in might upwells;  
God's witness thus in each Soul dwells.

## TRANSLATIONS

### BERTRAND'S SONG TO THE MARINERS

*From Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine."*

AGAIN then I tell you how fair  
Is one we shall gaze on soon.  
The golden sun laughs in her hair,  
Dreams, in her eyes, of the moon.

Her floating hair veils and unveils  
A brow so starlit and pure  
No other devotion but pales,  
All other love seems unsure.

Her charm sole, subtle, a flower  
Hidden yet haunting the air,  
Is charm of a saint, with power  
Of a sorceress to snare.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

And simple ways her will behooves,  
But rich resources on them wreaks,  
She like a swaying blossom moves,  
Like a forest spring she speaks.

So fair, and yet half faërie,  
Surely Frank, yet Moabite,  
Is Melissinde of Tripoli  
In her palace whelmed in light.

And thus we there shall see her soon,  
Unless all lies the tattling  
Of pilgrims false, their cloaks and shoon  
With scallop shells all rattling.

## TRANSLATIONS

### MILA 'S SONG

*From D'Annunzio's "La Figlia di Jorio."*

**B**IDED mute the patron angel  
From the walnut woodblock carven,  
Deaf the wood stayed, secret, sacred,  
Saint Onofrio vouchsafed nothing.

Till said one apart, a third one  
(O have pity on us, Patron!)  
Till said one apart, the fair one,  
Lo! my heart all willing, waiting!

Would he quaff a draught of marvel?  
Let him take my heart's blood, quaff it!  
But of this make no avowal,  
But of this make no revealing.

Suddenly the stump budded branches,  
Out of the mouth a branch sprang budding,  
Every finger budded branches,  
Saint Onofrio all grew green again!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### DEDICATORY PRAYER

*From D'Annunzio's "La Nave."*

**H**EARKEN, Lord God, tremendous, dire,  
Cry of our Sires' stupendous ire  
Battling on deck: This I kindle with fire  
is the Beacon and Pyre.  
'Twixt Pola, Albóna, hard by Quarnáro,  
The bold pine I cleft, the bay's bitter marrow  
And the sacred oak with twin-edg'd steel  
arrow  
of wedge-axe narrow.  
And when the wood of the masts over casting  
And wood of the hull with wreaths everlasting  
Victory's wreaths; — ah! then I rememberèd  
all of our dead  
Gulfed in the Deep, all of our dead  
Gulfed in the swallowing Deep that fed  
on the brave in their caravels:

## TRANSLATIONS

But said I: O God of birth and renewals  
Of stocks by Sea, and of ruins and strewals,  
The living, living, shall they ever be  
    who upon the Sea  
Shall magnify Thee, who upon the Sea  
Shall glorify Thee, who upon the Sea  
Burn myrrh on Thine altar and blood-  
    sacrifices  
    Where the Ship's beak rises.  
O make Thou of all of the Oceans Our Sea!  
    Amen.





III

HECATE

*DEATH IS EVIL • THE GODS HAVE  
SO JUDGED • HAD IT BEEN GOOD  
THEY WOULD DIE*

— SAPHO

## HECATE

I CALL Hecate of the Ways, of the Cross-ways, of the Darkness, of the Heaven and the Earth and the Sea; saffron-clad goddess of the grave, exulting amid the spirits of the dead, kindling new life, Perseia, lover of loneliness, Hecate of the shining head-tyre . . . thinking delicate thoughts; Queen who holdest the Keys of the World, . . . be present at our pure service with the fulness of Joy in thine heart.

*From Orphic Hymn, as given by Gilbert Murray,  
and Homeric Hymn to Demeter.*



HECATE.



## THE TRAGIC RAPTURE

**W**INNOW me, Life! winnow and sift me!  
Harrow me, Fate! harrow and lift me!  
Hallow me, Love! wring me and rive me!  
Aught but the best, purge me from, shrive me!  
Lightning-sure Aim! nothing less shift me!  
Lightning-sure Touch! thrill me and gift me!  
Life! smite thy tragic full chord in me,  
Let it be potently lord in me,  
    Through my soul glorying float;  
    Pour through my triumphing throat  
    Song of the dominant note!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### AMULETS

**I**F thou shalt ever see with inner sight,  
No outward gaze of thine but will be bright,  
Kindling in thee and all who meet thee —  
light!

If thou shalt ever feel with heart awake,  
No sin and tears but shall thy sorrow slake,  
And round the evil good's fair halo make.

### MASTERY

**S**OMETIMES, alone, along the peak,  
The Angel in me hears God speak;  
Sometimes, unknown, it journeys down  
And strives among men in the town.

Sometimes, it is so strong, I bear  
God's word to me where all men fare:  
O best! if in the battling street  
Life's harshest voice to me rings sweet!

## WORK DAY PRAYERS

**G**OD of Love, God of Work! Touch me  
with fire!

For all dross within me, fill me with ire! —  
So with pure passion I cleave to my Star,  
Speed my work, daily, toward the mark —  
far!

God of Love, God of Work! Breathe in me  
— air!

Blue and breeze-swept spaces brighten my  
care! —

So each swirl of effort leave my hand calm,  
So each heart meeting mine only feel —  
balm!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### HOLY DAY PRAYERS

**G**OD of Light, God of Joy! Kindle my  
gaze! —

So it dart, arrowy, threading the maze  
Glooming, confusing my soul's right and rash  
Gleam to Thy Heaven it sees in one flash!

God of Light, God of Joy! Bless thou my  
bliss

Arrogance, shrivel! — lest mar I or miss  
Joy of heart-joy in the sudden capture —  
Sharing on earth here the human rapture.



## A GLAD LITTLE SORRY SONG

OH, full cause, full cause have I

To be sorry, to be sad;

Yet my tears are — almost dry!

And my soul in me is singing,

And my will is clinging, clinging

To long plans it has to try —

Plans for all a future's bringing!

Oh, what cause, what cause have I

To be sorry, to be sad,

Who am still so glad, so glad,

Quite without a reason why?

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### MAN'S CRADLE SONG

*To the World-Mother — Life.*

**O** THOU World-Mother, Life! Press me  
close to thy breast!  
I would nourish my lips with thy milk —  
human kindness:  
And be lulled with thy murmurs to halcyon  
rest,  
I would nest in thy breast with true faith's  
profound blindness, —  
And awake, I would take, with a will, task  
and strife,  
If thou nurture me, cradle me, mother me,  
Life!

**O** thou World-Mother, Life! Mould me  
meek to thy plan,

## MAN'S CRADLE SONG

I would shrink from no dint of thy hand's  
hardest pressing,  
If it shaped me to use in the service of Man,  
I would know all the woe for my Soul's  
caressing,  
That would, soothed, tremor smoothed, rule  
the cure of Pain's knife; —  
If thou chastened and scourged, but to  
mother me, Life!

O thou World-Mother, Life! Tell me  
stories of yore!  
I would watch thy lips move, I would see  
thine eyes glowing:  
Till thy marvel and vision each new morn-  
ing more  
Spurred my will to fulfil thy heroical showing:  
Then requite thy child-knight for his day  
with deeds rife; —  
Then embrace me, and lavish thy love on  
me, Life!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### THE HEARTH FIRE

**E**LOQUENT heads of haughty trees,  
Talking with clouds, wreathed with the  
breeze,

Long cherished on the breast of fruitful earth,  
Felled for the pyre be ye, — shorn for the  
hearth!

Lie ye low, fallen prone,  
Bound on man's altar-stone!  
The windy locks, wide-tossed, be  
furled, —

Let curling flames in eddies whirled,  
Mock with their narrow, vortexed, parching  
glare

The fresh free gestures of uncabined air!

Renounced be life of kind and seed!  
Let green fire bleed for human need,

## HEARTH FIRE

The green fire fertile in the sun-god's look  
Be red fire barren in the chimney-nook!

Bleeding sap, tongue of flame,  
Sing thy joy, sing thine aim! —  
The pæons chant of living wood, —  
Exalted, gods in lowlihood, —  
Sibilant, sacrificial embers dying,  
Jubilant spirit-splendor prophesying!

And you, ye flaunting heads of high desires  
Let red flame sway!

Burn ye to feed in me life's purer fires,

And purge the clay

Down by the root close-clinging!

Let branching pride sky-springing

To greater gods of secret spirit-power

In sacrifice be shorn!

Nor shrink nor mourn

The nurture of life's lesser dower —

Earth's breast, the beacon-sky, — Love's,

Pride's full flower:

O no! destroy, destroy

## LIPS OF MUSIC

Sky-glory and Earth-dearness so keen pangs  
deploy

Life's hidden force and free the flame-winged  
blossom — Joy!

## THE LIGHTED FACE

UP the street, down the street, through the  
town faring,

Everywhere, anywhere, not a lane sparing,  
Only the lighted face searching for, caring!

Only the lighted face; —  
Is the quest so daring?

Sharpened face, muffled face, face of boy,  
maiden, —

Flower face, not a trace  
Grief or trouble-laden.

Pigeon face, vulture face, prinking, or  
scheming,

Bargain-bent, profit-pent, rigid with seem-  
ing, —

## LIPS OF MUSIC

These I find; let me find, inwardly beaming,  
Somewhere the lighted face,  
Soul from in it streaming!

Life is good, aim is good, deeper soul's  
yearning  
Out must chase cravings base;  
Face! Thy Soul keep burning!



## THE SUNLIT SHOWER

**S**QUALID and foul the city street,  
Low'ring the sky and sour;  
Suddenly Heav'n's compassion sweet  
Fell in a sunlit shower,  
Sprang from its heart a rainbow pure,  
To make the world of beauty sure.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### IN THE CROWD—A SONG!

**O** THROUGH the streets the crowds go all  
hurried, all harassed;  
Life means to them but barter, but selling,  
spending pelf;  
One question fitly sums it, — and bent upon  
it passed  
The worried jostlers near me; — “Now what  
have you amassed?”  
O Life besides means nothing, — No; nothing  
in itself!

But, hark! above the traffic, the good green  
Common near,  
Fly past the first Spring bluebirds, — song  
falls from one bright elf

## IN THE CROWD

Full sure of life and loving and Springtime  
each new year.

O daring flight face Northward with comrades singing cheer!

So, Life means singing, loving, — is something in itself!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### WORK DAY SUNSET CHANT

GRAY-BLUE swims the air in the sky's  
upper height,  
Gray-blue flows the sea-dreaming river,  
Dull red glow the lights ere their hour to shine  
bright  
Athwart the blue stream where they quiver.

The arm of the Working-Day strikes his last  
stroke,  
His forge-embers glimmer to Westward;  
The swart wolf-throat factories belch their  
last smoke,  
The trolley-kites screech their prey rest-  
ward.

## WORK DAY CHANT

All day wolves and kites of Life's drudgers  
took toll;

They miss now a mintage far better; —  
The skill of the Worker earns pay in his  
Soul, —

The purpose to smite off Toil's fetter.

His sigh for free joy in work soars to God's  
sky, —

Lo, there! where the blue glows intenser,  
And mixed with black forge-smoke purged  
pure, spiring high,

It breathes out that prayer in God's censer.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### CHELSEA

*"All that a man hath will he give for his life."*

*(Chelsea Fire, April 12, 1908;  
San Francisco, April 18, 1906.)*

**B**UT one among a thousand sister towns  
Unmarked of Fame, —  
A hive of life no excellence renowns  
Beyond the daily, tame  
Prosperity of lowlihood  
In mart and home and fane, —  
But one among a thousand Chelsea stood  
Beside the Eastern Flood:  
Now one from thousands falls she branded,  
charred,  
Supremely scarred!  
The tragic dignity of Doom's fierce frown  
Sears round her mediocre brow a crown

## CHELSEA

Whose blood-red glowing gems grow cinders  
black;

And in her helpless hand

Calamity doth thrust

The sceptre of her lack, —

Her need's grim Must! —

Outstretched to all the land,

Commanding alms from ruin, ashes, dust.

What eminence of pain

The giant hand of Woe hath on her lain!

O dear young Land on whom such perils wait,

For what deep seal and sign

Doth lowly Chelsea to the Golden Gate, —

Whose town imperial lay shaken late

Beside the Western Brine,

By flames in Earth's deep flanks so doomed,

So scored, so razed, and utterly consumed, —

Now, echo back the grisly watchword —

“Fate”?

Behold on what ironic trifle fell

The semen of Fate's mighty quell!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

A refuse cast-out heap of rags that  
    mouldered, —  
That tradesmen deemed of every value  
    rifled, —  
On that ignoble bed, where life lay, smould-  
    dered,  
Where unsuspected force hid, slighted,  
    stifled, —  
The young Spring wind disdained to touch,  
    yet fawned  
Upon; — there, viewlessly the Fire-djinn  
    spawned.  
And as the Arab Genii, once kept pent  
Within a phial, whining to be lent  
    His freedom, spread his sway  
    Out of the jar with omen swart,  
    The sun athwart, —  
This Djinn uprears his crafty head  
    And spurns his narrow bed.  
His eyes' red wrath devours his prey,  
His snorting nostrils' fumes are shafts of  
    smoke



## CHELSEA

That pillar up the sky,  
With wings of wind on-leaps his flail's wide  
stroke,  
And emptiness is left to know it by.

The startled townsmen scarcely weigh their  
woe,

Nor guess how life may for them fare  
(If life be left them!) of all chattels bare, —

The dear familiar household ware,  
Accumulation through their lives their care.  
But some who lavished all of life in pains  
To have and hold no other than such gains,  
To valuations new, instinctive start:

With all the toiled-for trash now would they  
part,

The misprised life they spent it for, to  
spare:

While others, still pelf-mastered, habit-led,  
With dullard wit, half unaware

How imminent the dread,  
Scuttle to garner up and pack,

## LIPS OF MUSIC

With haste too slow, — too slow!  
Wild-eyed or stolid, on they move,  
    To hunt new lack!  
The courser at their back  
O'ertakes them on their track;  
And whom he wills he spares,  
    Whom not he snares;  
Nor may be known the urn  
Where whom he slew doth burn,  
Nor how another  
Out-thrived the smother.

Through scathe, through scape, the Foe  
Unshakable yet whimsical doth prove,  
Implacable as Hate and swift as Love.

O now that Chelsea lies so low,  
The monster desolation greatens her,  
And o'er her abject grave doth laurels strow.  
A quiet holds her walled amid the stir  
Of greater Boston, that here seems to come  
From far-off, throbbing like a muffled drum,  
    To make her stillness mourn.

## CHELSEA

O now doth Chelsea boast the look  
Of sites where pomp hath gloried, —  
Immortal Capitals Time's mace down-strook  
And Fame's scroll storied.  
The gaping cellar and foundation-stone,  
Uncumbered bare and lone, —  
Of bounds and signs of superstructure shorn,  
Severe, — content the eye with simple show  
And summon up a state  
Commensurate  
With her grim fate.

Lo! monumental emblems of this hap  
Stay rooted in her breast;  
Bold monoliths of death-in-life to mark  
With shuddering: — her trees, in April, stark!  
Black from the mouthing flames' coercive lap,  
All hope of gladsome green from in them  
pressed  
Forever out! Against the April blue  
They rigid write  
Memorials in each man's sight.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

With barren naked stumps of arms.  
No longer may they sway  
And sing  
With winds of Spring  
Their old-time April way;  
Yet now of what they dumbly say  
The winds of Spring resounding echoes  
borrow.

O Land of April, hear! The rune is true  
They moan to you,  
Oracular and stern;  
Befits the heart to learn, —  
The blithesome spirit thrill with deep alarms,  
Attentive struck, and heed,  
Against a morrow  
Of worser sorrow  
Sprung from a subtler seed!

O Land of April, youngest of the Earth,  
Thine own life-giving April holds such dearth  
Within her smouldered heart.

## CHELSEA

The social refuse of thy life oppressed,  
Engend'ring vengeance in its sullen nest,  
Can at the will that no man lists up start  
And from the scorned neglected swarming  
heap

With wings of Whirlwind leap!

O goodly young new April-world!  
Beneath thy careless trampling feet

That to and fro

Up-building substance go,  
More palaces and luxuries to show  
How proudly like the old world thou dost  
grow, —

Unseen, beneath, lurks force more fleet  
Than all the prospering thou lovest so,  
To prompt the wronged and reckless with  
life-lust

To shake thee with their shout — “Unjust!  
Unjust!”

To rend thee whence they grovel in the  
dust, —

## LIPS OF MUSIC

Make totter thy tall towers, and mock thy  
    spires

With innermost and fundamental fires;  
Till things chaotic in due chaos hurled  
Obey the struggling Order in them furled  
    Crying for birth!

Yea! Out from hoards safe built on as the  
    earth

The Spirit that makes matter for its mirth  
    To use or else lay low,

Can crushing ruin for the worldling breed,  
    Proclaim, by utter loss,

    His treasure, dross,—

With grim derision let his life-blood bleed  
    To prove its higher worth,

Then rise and light a better Day hereafter  
With beams of Dawn shot from that scarlet  
    laughter.

Dear April Land, thy human inward life  
    Hold dear! hold dear!

## CHELSEA

Black is the trunk the life breath leaves  
Numb to the rising sap that only weaves]

Within perpetual growth.

No inert product of thy matter-strife

Account so near

That thou may'st e'er deprive

For arid need

Of barren greed

The growth of weakest child of thine —  
alive!

O loath, most loath

Are these thy prophet-woes at East and West

That thou shalt learn by inward death

That Life is best:

Like those self-withered Nations who, Time  
saith,

Their own dishonored children sold

For gold.

Youngest of Mother-nations, blight not thou

By any tricksters' stealth,

## LIPS OF MUSIC

Whence self-consuming dooms like theirs  
    have sprung,  
Thy human for thy sordid commonwealth!  
Hold pure the vision of thine early vow!  
Impartial love shine from thy morning brow!  
Life-breath of all thy children keep thee  
    young!;



## DOUBLE MOMENTS

SUNLIGHT lingers through the day, all  
day long;

But in dawn and twilight dwells,  
Inter-weaves, with hidden spells,  
Days of deed and nights of dream,  
Fuses in Time's fleeting stream  
Shining vision, shadowed gleam:  
So, together, Night and Day make life strong.

Love gives gladness all through life, all life  
long;

But love's darkness with love's glow  
Lift to rapture each deep throe,  
Sun and cloud intensely met,  
Mingling splendor with the threat,  
Magic mutual beget:  
So, together, bale and bliss make love's song.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

Progress beckoned through the years, ages  
long:

Up the steep with laurels spread  
One by one the heroes led;  
One by one they scale the height;  
Still far-off the peaks shine white,  
Challenging that moment's might  
When together, heroes mount with the throng.

## THE MASTER-FATE

I POURED out my heart in a throbbing lay,  
One half-happy day,  
And after I wrote it a wind arose,  
A trickstering time-serving wind of prose  
And swept it away.

O far and away, out of grasp, — of reach!  
It seemed that all speech,  
Sweet fruitage of song to redeem the pain,  
The barren soul lost with that heart-wrung  
strain:  
It could not beseech:

The Written was written: the Lost was lost.  
By Fate calmly crossed,  
The grief was too sore for a sorrow more.  
The windfall of Fate then a new fate bore,  
And back the scroll tossed!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

Take counsel, wild Heart! See how still Soul  
stays

Through half-happy days!

By nature all unaware wise to wait

The ripening stroke of the master-Fate

No Fate but obeys!

## THE CALL OF MODERN TRAGEDY

**W**HAT is out there all moaning, troubled,  
With passions vast on passions doubled,  
With unknown forces darkly tossing  
And chartless counter-currents crossing?

The hearts are these of souls immortal;  
Sea-way is this to Art's high Portal.  
But child's play on the strand our playing  
While we were blind to wrecked hands  
praying,  
And faces white like wild birds swaying,  
Upturned to tempests, mute, past speaking.  
O leave mere toys, — small pleasure-seeking,—  
Life's shallows leave; the full flood breasting,  
For manly Art strive, stern, unresting!  
Heed, heed the call! Who dare clasp sorrow

## LIPS OF MUSIC

That Angel strength grow theirs to-  
morrow? —

That Angel joy from Art's high heaven  
Shall every brother's sorrow leaven?  
Latter-day men, their God shut in them,  
Await transfiguring shall win them,  
Unveil them where their new might  
reigneth, —

Might to wax strong when old might  
waneth.

Like huddling waves their heads uprearing  
Darkly to dream of far light nearing,  
Like wistful waves for moonlight longing, —  
Range upon range the playhouse thronging,  
Men line with life floors, walls, to ceiling,  
And passive, wait their right revealing!

As on black night, the storm-wrack rifting,  
Peace from the Moon's pure face falls  
drifting,

So on Man's sea of ardors shifting  
Shine! Tragic Art, for Soul's uplifting!

## LIFE'S RHYMES

*"Through worlds and races and terms and times  
... musical order and pairing rhymes."*

### FLUX

*"The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the Waters.  
. . . And God said Let the Firmament divide the Waters  
from the Waters."*

I HEAR Unending Being sing Life's  
rhymes! —

The rhyme with centred Earth of weaving  
Water,

Who vexed Her fixèd frame, whose flux  
still caught Her;

Her captive-captor was He tireless times:

Her world-rule challenging from all worlds'  
primes,

Island and headland carven firm He  
wrought her,

## LIPS OF MUSIC

And trophies won for Her the while He  
fought Her: —  
So, in them, likeness with unlikeness chimes.  
  
Thrilled through their battling music, pangs  
of Fire  
From her pent heart! O Mystic breast of  
Birth,  
Ye only know wherefrom, — forever  
twinned,  
Swaying the concord of their world-desire  
With soaring rhythms, answering ardent  
Earth, —  
Played o'er his restless soul the wide-  
wing'd Wind!



## LIFE'S RHYMES

### FORM

*“Let the dry land appear. . . . Let there be lights in the heavens.”*

PLAYED o’er his restless soul the wide-  
wing’d Wind:

With stealthier pinion occult Motion  
stirred

The smelted Earth and Water, smithy-  
slurred

With seething wet, to structure crystallined.

In flux like his the rock-floods rayed, and  
spinned

Tow’rd centred hearts like hers: their  
World-child heard

The parent rhyme and lived the molten  
word

Whereto the twy-fold substance streamed  
akinned.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

So Motion wooed through Form to finer pact,  
Till slow, instinctive Substance inly  
yearned

For frame more shapely-rare, and sure  
troth-plight

To ceaseless Motion, bodied forth in act

The radiant Energy that in her burned:

Responding realms of Comrade-worlds  
beamed Light!

## LIFE'S RHYMES

### G R O W T H

*"And God saith Let the Earth bring forth."*

RESPONDING realms of Comrade-worlds  
beamed Light! —

Quivered the dreaming eyelids of the Sea! —  
Startled Earth's brooding brow forebod-  
ingly

As blindly brightened with dim seed of sight!

And secret offspring quickened to the rite  
Of chrism in the sky-born sympathy: —  
The germ divined the force that bade it be,  
Felt, fold on fold within, replying might.

It groped in slime, salt ooze, and weathered  
rock;  
And, climbing blankness, dared to face the  
sun,

## LIPS OF MUSIC

Sought for what rhyme with light plant-  
life pairs true:

Of Earth the nursling root! Of Heaven the  
stock! —

Vague Air and steadfast Earth built up as  
one,

O glad from singing Earth-mouths plant-  
life grew!

## LIFE'S RHYMES

### MOTIVE

*"The moving creature that hath life let the Earth bring forth."*

**O** GLAD from singing Earth-mouths plant-life grew!

It thrived on fever spared the tortured soil,  
And from the bitter Waters' tossed turmoil  
Through all its fluting reed-throats sweet  
draught; drew.

The growth alchemic leavened Nature  
through

With vital ferment: Titan forest-spoil  
Stored Heaven-brought fire to serve yet  
unborn toil;

Witch-working flotsam sought Life's next  
rhyme — You, —

## LIPS OF MUSIC

O embryonic Will, your chemic leap  
In thirsty fibre-tip, in hungry sac,  
That burst Earth's mother-cord to fare  
alone, —  
In wine-dark caverns of the moorless Deep,  
Adventured forth marauding films to track  
The Life self-moved, enhungered for its  
own.

## LIFE'S RHYMES

### DESIRE

*"Let us make man."*

**T**HE Life self-moved, enhungered for its  
own,  
Through strange shapes roamed, each rest-  
less want fulfilled,  
Divergence craved, and groped with bent  
instilled  
For sense more inward, in more free form  
thrown.

Insatiate of types through Æons strown,  
The vortexed Life-fire, centred Earth-  
forms build,  
The windwinged Life-flow, weaving Water  
willed,  
Still seek the Heir to reap the seed-traits sown.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

Worm-shapes that wave-wise aim in nervous  
lines,  
Molluskan sphere-shapes massing inward  
force,  
Beast, fish, amphibian, insect, bird, —  
all deed  
To Life their fierce-fought functions and  
designs,  
Whose branching pattern and heaped-up  
resource  
For mastership empower'd a Man shall  
breed.



## LIFE'S RHYMES

### POWER

*"And let him have dominion."*

FOR mastership empower'd a Man shall  
breed:

Who must out-trap, out-toil, out-watch,  
out-lust

His prowling, cunning, lusty brothers, must  
All wants that shaped them all out-do — or  
feed!

So grows he, inchmeal, to attain and lead,  
Erect himself, like plant-life, from his dust  
Ensky his brain-fraught brow, and onward  
thrust

In untried realms, and strain for spirit-speed.

Yet out of violence and rapine whelped,  
Nor violence nor rapine can he spurn  
Whom ripening soul but slowly thrones  
above,

## LIPS OF MUSIC

Whose every step was beast and body helped;  
Transcending ill by ills must he discern;—  
Till knowing Good from Ill he shall learn  
Love!

## LIFE'S RHYMES

### LOVE

*“Man is become as one of us to know good and evil . . . lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life and live forever . . . he placed cherubims and a flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life.” — “But . . . he that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith: To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life.”*

**T**ILL knowing Good from Ill he shall learn  
Love;  
Through affluence of power, understand;  
Through inborn sympathies at last command  
The wild and bestial wills he forced and  
drove. —

Till all by which unwillingly he throve —  
Ay, occult energies of Sea and Land,  
Of Fire and Air come tuned to his hand  
To make the Music whither Being strove.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

The gods of Love and Knowledge shall create  
In him; new life the breast of Death shall  
thrill:

By like to unlike linked Life's Poem  
climbs,

And leaps to Joy when Love and Power mate  
Incarnate in the sleepless human will.

I hear Unending Being sing Life's  
Rhymes!

## FAIRY GOLD

### A DIVINATION

**L**IFE shall be richer in you more and more,  
And each New Year, far surer than before,  
The Soul in you shall find,  
Responsive to her sight,  
Resource of Heart and Mind —  
Her Treasure-trove of might  
That each Day's need had sought,  
With each new Sun divined,  
Full ready to be wrought!  
Her mystic rod of light  
Shall tremble and dip down to your pure ore,  
And show it waiting secretly and true,  
A mine of unsuspected gold in you!  
The sensitive witch-hazel of each sun,  
Sparkling the darkling mood,  
Shall find your Fairy Gold, and make it one  
With all your life holds good!

## LIPS OF MUSIC

### LIPS OF MUSIC

“**T**URN, Life, and face me! Under smiling  
masks

“You gleam, but you escape. Dares only  
Death,

“Dumb Death, front eager Man? True-  
touch me, Life,

“To hear your hidden mouth of melody,  
“Your lips of music!”

Life stood before me, smiling masks torn off:  
Those stars, her eyes' were living wells of  
tears,

The iron entered eating to her soul,  
And yet but moved her mouth to melody,  
Her lips to music.

“Know, then,” she said, “it only marks life  
true

“When stars the brighter beckon under tears,  
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## LIPS OF MUSIC

“When rapture wingeth passion up from pain,  
“And trembling souls move mouths to melody  
“And lips to music.”

Then, first I felt Life's force and staleless  
lure,  
And read the meaning lighted in her eyes.  
Her wine to hearten heroes feeds from  
wounds,  
And conquest moves her mouth to melody,  
Her lips to music.

“Ay! Heed!” she said, — “No wound shall  
sap my founts  
“But they shall pour the heartening wine of  
Health,  
“Retrieval, Rescue, — feed the mastership  
“Inspiriting all mouths to melody  
“All lips to music.

“No wrong shall hurt my children, but shall  
spawn  
“Delivering heroes; smite renewing wine

## LIPS OF MUSIC

“Out with the steel of harm to feast good  
will,

“And wake the happy mouth to melody,  
“The lips to music.”

So, of her will to save the over-borne, —  
The stunted, pillaged, want-dogged, wing-  
hurt ones;

Of joy she yearns to wrest — even from  
woe,

Loud rang her prophet-mouth of melody,  
Her lips of music.



## RED DOORS

I AM the Lips of Man, — the Way of  
Breath;

With form and strength I dower inmost  
things

That own no substance, yet outweigh the  
World.

The universal Elements, create  
And uncreate, were made for serving these  
Most strong weak things, whose spirit-path  
of will,

Whose way of breath my living doors unfold.

Through me the puny wail of new-born  
babe

To world-cold naked, — through me God's  
Spirit —

That breathes as Wind upon the Waters' face  
And quickens Universes into frame  
Unendingly, — push with the self-same pulse.  
The Portals of the Fire of Life am I.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

I wait upon each Word the Heirs of Life  
Shall seek to father as they Fathered were  
I serve the faltering tongue-tethered flame  
That flickers forth and faints in dull air out;  
I glow and thrill when rushing inward fire  
Springs like a seed and grows, unfurls, and  
spreads

Out wings enkindled into flashing spires  
Of blossoms of the soaring human soul,  
Outclimbing Earth's deep-rooted firmament,  
Transcending range and thoroughfare of  
space,

Companioning the reaches of the air,  
Where swaying seas and reeling spheres but  
swing

For that the gladder up their azure steeps,  
The swifter in their spiral tow'rd the Sun,  
With subtler music, more harmonious trend.  
The Portals of the Fire of Song am I.

The fire, like fire I harbor, I must seek.  
I open to the inward flow of fire  
Akin to outward streams I pour; that ebb

## RED DOORS

The body's life to flood its spirit-power;  
Till each renewed, returning throb of love  
From hidden founts, is quenchless as the Will  
Behind the ebb and flooding of the Sea, —  
The tidal sea-lips, wave-curved, all athirst,  
Forever in a tumult to kiss Earth,  
As my lips thirst to kiss the lips I love.  
The Portals of the Fire of Love am I.

The Life and Love I utter double force  
When anguish rends the deeps of Life and  
Love,  
And energies volcanic, fate-suppressed,  
Chastised and chastened, subtlest singing  
find.  
The nether fires pierce through the gloom to  
glow,  
The ashes stir with conquest, ember-red.  
The Portals of the Fire of Woe am I.

Through me upwell the hidden gyres of  
grief:  
Sobs and psalms shake me through the dark  
of life:

## LIPS OF MUSIC

I lift up Alleluias in Fate's face  
That shine like starry blossoms in Life's sun.  
I am the pain-wrung praying Mouth of  
Man —

The bleeding lips that shout the hero's cry,  
From woe of Life and Loving wresting Joy.  
Red doors of Man's aspiring Soul am I, —  
The Portals of his Fire of Triumph, I!

## THE DARK OF THE YEAR

### A CHRISTMAS-TIDE BENEDICTION

OUT of the measureless spaces,  
Out of the regions unshown,  
Beam on thee all the hid graces,  
Will of thy Spirit hath sown!

Out of thy reticent powers,  
Out of thy hesitant will,  
Blossom the triumphing flowers,  
Dreaming desires in thee thrill!

So from the germinant sources,  
Locked through the dark of the year,  
Gather in quietude, forces  
Bringing earth's blooming near.

## LIPS OF MUSIC

So from the Ages' long silence,  
Furling humanity's dearth,  
Sprang to bid darkness defiance,  
Bloom of man's spirit — Christ's birth.











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